

THE
Prodigal GARLAND:

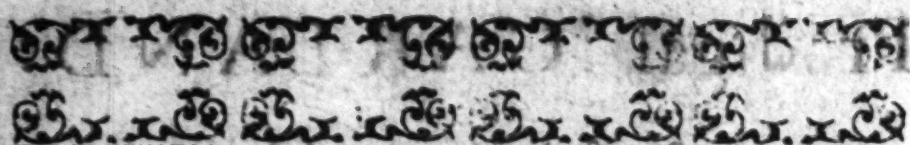
Furnished with two comical

NEW SONGS.

- I. The Prodigal Son.
II. The young Maid's Complaint.



Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.



The Prodigal's GARLAND.



The PRODIGAL SON.

I That once was great, now full little am grown,
 A Mimic of *Munitum in parvo*;
 I am buried alive in a Cloister of Stone,
 Some say it is what I deserve O.
 In what they do say there's something of Truth,
 I have been a wild and extravagant Youth;
 Some Hundreds I've spent upon *Rachael* and *Ruth*,
 But now I am got into Limbo.

This Song that I sing is absolute true,
 Then mark well my woful Confession;
 It is of myself, give the Devil his Due,
 For I hope it will make an Impression
 On the hardened Hearts of all prodigal Beaus:
 Friend, Let me tell you now under the Rose,
 Those whom you have feasted will prove your worst
 If e'er you are clapp'd into Limbo. (Foes,

My Father and Mother, it is very well known,
 They left me Abundance of Riches;
 But I was so wild and extravagant grown,
 That daily I furnished my Breeches
 With Guineas, and then to the Tavern did stray,
 As fine as a Fop, or a Fool at a Play;
 I thought in my Heart it would never be Day,
 But now I am got into Limbo.

My

My Father he left me Five hundred a Year,
 My Mother she left me her Jointure;
 And every Acre of Mortgage was clear,
 But I was a Bottle and Pinter:
 Still Field after Field to the Market I sent,
 My Land I sold, and my Money I spent,
 My Heart it was so hardened it would not relent,
 But now I am clapp'd into Limbo.

I used to vaunt as if I would fly,
 And strut like a Crow in a Gutter,
 The People did cry when e'er I pass'd by,
 There goes Mr. *Fopling Flogger*,
 Like Top and Top gallant I hoisted my Sails,
 With my fring'd Cravat, and Wig with two Tails,
 But now I am ready to gnaw my own Nails,
 Contin'd to a Chamber in Limbo.

I used to hunt and sport with my Dogs,
 I thought none so gallant as I was;
 My Doxies I bought Shoes and fine Leather Clogs,
 Yet none was so slighted as I was.
 With Hawks, Hounds and Whores, fine ambling Nags,
 I revel'd about till I emptied my Bags,
 My fine Coat is turned to contemptible Rags,
 Since I was clapp'd into Limbo.

I kept me a Brace of as delicate Jades,
 As ever brought Ninepence to nothing;
 My Credit I've mortgag'd with several Trades,
 To keep them with Meat, Drink and Cloathing;
 The Goldsmith for Jewels, rich Lockets and Rings,
 And others for Laces and fine Bridle Strings,
 I pleased my Doxies with fifty fine Things,
 For which I am clapp'd into Limbo.

But as I lay sighing one Day in the Straw,
 Bewailing my woful Condition,

Being

Being ready with Hunger my Fingers to gnaw,
 I sigh'd and brought forth this Expression:
 If I could get the Whores to my Hand,
 To argue the Case, very long I'd not stand,
 But grind the young Bitches as small as the Sand,
 I'd teach them to leave me in Limbo.

I have an old Uncle that lives in the *West*,
 Who heard of my fatal Disaster,
 Poor Soul his Heart was never at Rest,
 His sorrows came faster and faster.
 He came to the Prison to see my sad Case,
 As soon as I saw him I straight new his Face,
 I on him stood gazing like one in Amaze,
 I wish'd myself then out of Limbo.

Said he, If I set you once more on your Legs,
 And put you in Credit and Fashion,
 Do you think you can leave *Bradys* and *Peg*,
 O how can you bridle your Passion?
 Believe me dear Uncle, if ever they come
 To tempt me to Sin, as before they have done,
 Adzooks I'd soundly belabour their Bums,
 I'd teach them to leave me in Limbo.

He gave me a Purse of five hundred Pounds,
 The which was told up in Guineas;
 I return'd him Thanks, the same being done,
 I went to see *Betty* and *Fenny*,
 I went in my Rags, they knew not of my Gold,
 They turn'd me out in the Rain and the Cold;
 You'd laugh to see how the Bitches did scold,
 And clack'd at my lying in Limbo.

I drew out my Bag of five hundred Pounds,
 And I pour'd them on the Table,
 This glittering Sight they no sooner beheld,
 But they began to sniggle and giggle;

And

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And fain they would hare fit in my Lap;
And in laughing Manner my Cheeks they did clap;
But I thought in my Heart I'd no more of that,
For 'twas that which brought me to Limbo.

As soon as they got Sight of my Gold,
My Pockets they straight fell to picking;
I beat them as long as my Cane it would hold,
And then fell to casting and kicking:
Some cry'd out Murder, while others did scold,
But I was not able my Hands for to hold,
I thrash'd their Bodies for the good of their Souls,
I taught them to leave me in Limbo.

Come, all you young Gallants, hear what I say,
I'd have you take Warning by me, Boys,
What little you have, do not make it away,
For fear you be served as I was:
They'll kiss and bless you with many a fine Tale,
But as soon as your Money begins for to fail,
They'll be the first that will pack you to Gaol,
Take Care that you keep out of Limbo.



The young Maid's Complaint,

PITY a poor distracted Maid,
In *Bedlam* now confin'd,
Who is fetter'd in Love's Chains,
For one that proves unkind:
My dearest Dear is gone to Sea,
And left me here in Pain;
Now I am raving Night and Day,
Till he returns again. As

As I lay musing all alone,
 Strange Thoughts came in my Brain,
 Methinks I see my own true Love
 Ploughing upon the wat'ry Main;
 But when I turn myself around,
 Nothing but Straw I see;
 Thus of my Jewel I am bereft,
 Which causes Misery.

O! *Neptune*, now I pray be kind,
 And bring him safe to Shore;
 For he is on the roaring Seas,
 Where Billows loud do roar:
 Blit be the Pilot that doth him steer,
 And bring him safe to me;
 Out of this dark and dismal Cell,
 I'll gain my Liberty.

I fear he's stav'd against a Rock,
 And lies floating on the Main;
 If it be so, too well I know,
 In *Bedlam* I must remain.
 A thousand Thoughts run in my Brain,
 Which break me of my Rest;
 Could I but once my Jewel see,
 Then soon I should be blest.

Could I but once my Jewel see,
 He'd hug me in his Arms;
 He soon would free me from these Chains,
 And keep me from all Harms: 'Twas

'Twas my Parents Cruelty, I know,
 That drove him first from me,
 Would he but once again return,
 From *Bedlam* I should be free.

The ANSWER

T H E jolly Sailor brave and bold,
 Whom she did love so dear,
 He had been getting Store of Gold,
 And soon bad News did hear,
 That his true Love distracted was,
 In *Bedlam* close confin'd;
 To *Bedlam* then he did repair,
 Like a true Lover kind.

And having search'd all round the Place,
 For to find out his Dear,
 At length he found his Jewel's Face,
 Which strangely did appear:
 He saw her sit in strange Disguise,
 At first he could not speak,
 The Drops of Tears fell from his Eyes,
 As though his Heart would break.

The People were amaz'd to see,
 The Love between these two
 I am thy only true Love, said he,
 Bid a l your Griefs adieu:
 Your Parents caus'd us to part,
 But now we meet again,

My

My dearest Love cheer up your Heart,
I'll ease you of your Pain.

I have been gone almost six Years,
Where Billows foam and roar,
But now I am return'd again,
And brought you Gold good Store.
You shall be mine, and I'll be thine,
Drive all mad Thoughts away;
My Dear, you shall be dress'd as fine
As any Lady gay.

Instead of wearing Iron Chains,
I'll crown you with Delight;
You shall be Lady of the *May*,
And crown'd with Jewels bright.
You shall be mine, and I'll be thine,
Drive all mad Thoughts away;
My Dear, you shall be dress'd as fine
As any Lady gay.

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They dress'd themselves in rich Attire,
And to her Father went;
The old Man was pleas'd & the same,
And gave his free Consent,
That they might be in Wedloc join'd,
To make Amends for all;
Five thousand Pounds to her he gave,
Whose Portion was not small.

F I N I S.